¶A Pitious platforme *of an oppreſſed mynde,* ſet downe by the extreme ſurmyzes of ſundrye di- *ſtreſſed meditations* *by, G. C.*

¶ *Imprinted at London,* nighe vnto the three Cranes in *the Vintree by, Thomas Gardiner and Thomas Dawſon.* *For R. B.*

#4269

HEN I was beginning to write theſe verſes a newe, and determined ſomewhere to beſtowe them, I was enforced to a forceleſſe coniecture, what praiſe or diſcontentment the euent myght incurre, if the publiſhing thereof in diuerſe peculyar places, might ſuſtaine the ſeuetal iudgementes of ſundrie my Seniors. The verſes can want no aceuſed ſimplicitie at myne owne handes, beſides the conſideration of theyr manyfolde abſurdities, in reſpect of the verſes, though the matter or effectmay perhappes, happilie excuſe the externall gloſe (the ſetting foorth the verſe I meane with braue, *Epithites* or tearmes), which of al good wryters in verſe, ought to be and is the ſpecial reſpect, when inuention is ſet but vppon vncouered regardes. What then [redacted] myght moue as in a modeſty my mind to prefer a *Pamphlet* ſo paltrie, amiddes the likely perils of my ſuperiours? Surely nothyng but this, that when I admitte the conſideration of the office of euery good wryter, to reſerue his reſpectes and wrytinges within the bondes of truth and modeſty, & therewythal infer myne owne conſciẽce for my further aſſurance in this behalfe, I can eaſily beare the impartial Iudgement of my ſuperfluous

perfluous ſimplicitie, and ſo ſtand content wyth the quyet of my paſſions, when I employed my endeuoures hereunto. As they are therefore, vſe them, and let not parcialitie, but pietie, not enimitie, but Amitie, be Patrones of your iudgementes. The beſt is, I force none to lyke them, neither would I if I coulde. The wyſe, if they be wytles, may eſchue them, the ouerwyſe whether they be wel or ill, wyll diſdayne them, and the meaner ſort if theyr iudgement be ſubiect to imperfection, may pretermit them. But (God wot) the contentes are not ſo perilouſe, nor the effect ſo imperſpicuous, that it may be (I hope) eyther preiudicial or ineffectual to any. For the preiudice I dare aſſure you, for the effect let your indifferencie and diſcretiō directe you, ſo that auoyding the one, and embracing the other, they may ſtāde as two requiſite exāples both to learne you to deteſt your owne perils, & enforce you to enioy your owne pleaſures. But to preſuppoſe by ſome probabilitie, the diuers ſurmizes that ſhalbe preſumed, vpon the neceſſitie of making theſe verſes, importing ſuch oppreſſion, wyth dreade and dolor, wyth anger, and anguiſhe, yea and continually tormented wyth the intollerable burthens thereof, whether I found, or was forced wyth any iuſte occaſion, to be ſo importunate by myne owne experience, to preſuppoſe (I ſay)

(I ſay) theſe and others many, myght iuſtly euacuat al pretence of anſwere, if but the admittinge it, were as I pretend wyth mee or any other, it may be applyed to the moſt conuenient perſon, I doubte not but there are in the worlde a great number, that would quickely affirme the like phraſes, or maner of Complayntes in the deepeſt of thē. For my part whether I endure the ſame or no, I am perſwaded it neither empaireth nor hurteth the goodneſſe or badneſſe of the verſe, ſith my former affirmations are not to be denied, to wyt, that a great number of them of the which I am not ignorant of ſome one of them, may continually make as manie more, and be as much more importunate if it were poſſible, in the leſt of thē appertayning. But to extinguiſh theſe vaine conceiptes, leſt I ſeeme to make too much a doo about ſo ſlender and indifferent a matter, I referre my true intention to the friendly conſideration of the reader, either to be excuſed, or accuſed, as the moderate affection of euery good mynde ſhal determine conuenient, and ſo I finiſhe my fruiteles laboure.

Cicero de Oratore.

Quoties dicitur, toties de nobis iudicatur.

So ofte as we ſpeake, ſo ofte are we iudged.

In

¶ A Pitious platforme of an oppreſſed mynde.

In the depthes of his diſtreſſe, findyng himſelfe forſaken, and feelyng many paſſions, that greeued hys conſcience he compyled theſe verſes following termed the Tree of his eſtate, inferring therein an Apologie or a defence of his cleare conſcience, and thus they beginne.

BEhold the branche that beares, but can not die,
Yea, ſee the tree of dread and deepe diſpight,
If any Pen might to my paines reply:
You thē might view a *Mirror* worth the ſight.
But as it is, ſo take it at my handes,
A heape of harme he!de in a harmeleſſe hart:
A Stately Tree that in my Deſart ſtandes,
From whence doth ſpring two branches al a part.
Which bud but once, & neuer caſtes their bloome,
But ſtill remaine as freſhe as may be fainde,
Within the which as in a priſoned roome,
Doth grow the fruite that hath him fancie ſtainde.
And now to tell you what a Tree it is,
Simplicitie I haue aſſignde the name,
The branches eke that beares this bitter bliſſe,
Are termed Feare, Miſfortune, with the ſame.
The bloomes they beare, may right a hautie ſhow,
Pretended to be voyde of any paine,
The fruite within is Spight, and other moe,

As

As cold Suſpect, yea Care, and Deepe Diſdayne.
Now ſince ther ſpringes in me ſuch painful ſyoo-
As wyl I feare, outgrow my wiſhed weale, (tes,
And ſince I ſuccoure with ſuch rotten rootes,
As wyth theyr fal I muſt ſupplant my heale,
Alas what meanes were meeteſt to bewray
My muſing mones, and mourning miſeries,
What happy trade myght take me now to end,
And ſhew my caſe in theſe calamities?
Oh what huge paines I feele in Penurie,
Yea and ſo greate, that when I coulde bewraie
My endleſſe cares for ſuch a cruelt'e,
I then am forſte perforce my penne to ſtay.
But thus as well as weerie wittes may ſerue,
Ile let you ſee the ſumme of my diſeaſe,
What dale I bide, and how my comfortes ſterue,
By this fond Tree that nay wil growing ceaſe.
And Firſt hereby I frame myne owne defence,
Gainſt them that may accuſe me voyde of crime,
And ſince the matter hanges in ſuch ſuſpence,
God giue me grace to ſpend aryght the time.
That I may neuer forge a filthy tale,
Repugning truth to paynt my owne excuſe,
But voyde of Hate, I meane vntruth to ſcale,
That thus with Hate hath wrought my great abuſe.
And thus my ſelfe Simplicitie doth ſtand,
Amongſt the Sniares of thoſe that ſubtil are,
Surpryzed wyth feare, Miſfortune is the hand

That

That bringeth Dreade of failing in some snare.
For truthe to tell, forsaken of my freindes,
I wote not well, what way to worke my weale:
My simple dealing is the meane that sendes
Me such Distresse by those that wante the zeale.
But what: saith Christ our cunning Scholema-
Loue euery one, as I haue loued you: (ster:
We cast him backe, and followe Satan faster,
Contemning loue, and fylthy Spight allow.
Loue coureth the multitude of sinnes,
And buries faultes vpon submission,
And yet our myndes to studie neuer blinnes,
To bring a shame where no offence is done.
My humble Feare by deepe Simplicitie,
Hath brought Contempt to foster my reuenge:
But Natures law might well procure pitie,
Twixte Hate and Loue to forme a lasting change.
And if my Tree hath growne in such a ground
As maie mislike the owners Fantasie:
My childishe feare, hath still this prefer founde,
To be remoued at his extremitie.
If where it stands the sproote do spring amisse,
By trusting so vnto his prouidence,
The feare forname doth offer as it is,
To be reformde by his preheminence.
If now the Tree decaie in this distresse,
For that it growes not in his Gouernment,
The fault, in it must needes be deemd the lesse,

And

And put to him that beares the Regiment.
If not to him, to my Miſfortune then,
Or to the Plague that God prepares for ſinne,
In whom I hope to be releaſed, when
His wonted mercie may my mirth begimme,
By taking mee out of this wearie world,
Where wormes of Woe can nay afford me wealth:
Come then good Death, I cleane diſpair have hold
Out of my Hart, and hope in thee for Health.
Then farewell friendes, my foes, & fortunes al,
To make my Tombe, thus ſerues my ſimple Tree,
That they may ſay, that thruſt me thus in Thrall,
He liued and died, in Deepe Simplicitie.
Which Chriſt cõmendes a grace aboue the reſt,
We here muſt dwell as ſimple as the Doue:
In which good gifte, is comprehended beſt
The heauenly ſignes of gods vnfained loue,
Cleane void of Guile, or thirſt for wordly gaine,
where knowledge ioynes, there muſt it Ioy of force,
Although not here, yet there where neuer Paine
Shall neede to pull the minde into remorſe.
It beares no hate, it carries no contempte,
It loues and likes, yet luſtes for no Delight:
It hordes vp nought, all craft is cleane exempt,
And hates Hypocriſie by godly right.
It ſtandeth neuer in his owne conceipt,
It beares no ſhowe of any outward grudge:
It loues his foes, and liues by no deceipt,

Not ſelfe willed nor yet his onely iudge.
It will not ſpare by Pitie to intreate
A ſimple Sheepe that wanders from his way,
Muche leſſe will ſeeke in ſinne immoueſt heate,
To ſterue the Soule that neuer went aſtray.
It keepes not backe by Hate his enemies right,
No ſelfe Conceipt of any cruell minde
Can make him doo that in his deepe diſpight,
That in his moode, in hart he could not finde.
It rules by right, it hateth rigors Racke,
It doth to all as to himſelfe he would,
And though in earth it ſuffers ſometime lacke,
In heauen it wames no ſtore of beaten golde.
And though the fruites of my pretended Tree,
Doo growe in deede as I pretend they haue,
As ſpight, Suſpect, Care, and Calamitie,
They are but meanes in pleaſures me to ſaue.
My Tree then made in this proportion,
The ſtocke is ſtraight by true Simplicitie:
The branches are on eyther ſide thereon,
Feare and Miſfortune beares him companie.

Then

Then marke it wel,
and you ſhal ſee it made,
Much like the Forke that
death doth worke withal,
And with the ſame when
here I ceaſe to wade,
He workes my weale, and
ſo me hence doth call.
O haſten Lord that bygh
and heauenly Hap,
Beſtirre betimes, let me
thy brightnes ſee:
Vouchſafe in weale my
ſilly Soule to wrap,
In thy ſweete armes loue
let me claſped be. *Amen.*

Nemo ante obitum beatus.

Beatus vir qui non abijt. Pſal. 8.

SUch ſlender faith vpholdes this worldly feare,
So thinly touchte we are with true beliefe:
That worldly welth doth Heauēly hap impaire,
And pinching neede ſurmountes the riche reliefe.
Such dunghil thoughts we haue to reach the truth,
We hate delight, and harbour deadly ruthe.
Except our reaſon comprehend the deepe,
And ſecret Science of our heauenly king,
When for his pleaſure he in ſilence keepes,

The hidden worke that doth our safetie bring:
We straightwayes saie that god in thought is true,
And wyl not make his foremost minde a newe.
And therefore if he thus dothe preordaine
To saue or els condemne our subiects soules,
The men that shalbe saued, shall so remaine.
The rest condemned to dwell in enveles dole.
And if we can not mende or marre our mindes,
He woorkes in vain that no assurance findes.
We thus wyll save, but if we looke for blisse,
And fain would shunne the trappe Deceipt hath set,
We then must striue to mend that is amisse,
And walke the way that Dauid thus hath beate.
If we will knowe that we are blest indeede,
Giue eare againe, thus Dauid giues his reede.
The man is blest that hath not walkt the way
That wicked men aduised to be best,
But plantes his pleasure & his onely staie
On Gods decrees that bringes assured rest.
If we be blest, then are wee eeke elect,
Preserude of God vnblamde, and eeke vnchekte.
Then blest is he, saie I yet once againe,
That keepes his conscience cleare frō wilful crime,
And double blest, if so he can sustaine
Mens false *Suspectes*, and beare with euery tyme:
And when he sees that truthe can take no place,
Then most to striue his owne reuenge to race.
This rule must hold where mā cā beare no swaie,

And

And yet dothe beare the burthen of his ſhame.
For els to beare, and let thinges paſſe awaie,
Were but to proue his conſcience hath no name.
But when the worlde doth frowne vppon his deedes,
Oh happy man that wayes them all as weedes.
In paſſing plighte the man is ſuerly plaſt,
That doth poſſeſſe a pleaſure in his neede:
For truſt me man, thou haſt no ſweeter taſt
Then hunger ſauce, when thou art bent to feede.
Qui vivit Mediocriter, is bleſt,
And needeth Repentance the leſt.

Quare fremuerunt gentes, &c.

What thing is man: a maſſe of miſerie,
A momentes ioye, an age of deepe diſtreſſe,
Conceiued in ſinne, brought vp in penurie,
And ſo remaines, till death vouchſafe releaſe.
What is this worlde: a vapoure nothing worth,
A ſpithy fraude, that *Vertue* calleth forthe.
Why then do men with rigor alwayes rage
To preſſe the poore, and forge them ſelues a praye?
Oh why ſhould men ſo wraſtle with their age,
As if that *Deathe* could neuer moue their ſtaye?
And yet he ſtrikes ere one can ſtir his eye:
Then learne to liue as you would daylie dye.
Oh why ſhould mē ſo marche for worldly meede,
As to forget the fountaine whence it flowes?
Alas that Chriſt on whom our ſoules ſhould feede,

In blinded rage should beare our ouerthrowes:
Alas that rage should rule our reasons so,
As brutish beastes that wyt nor reason knowe.
Fye frowardes, fye, Alas and well away,
You followe now the footesteaps of distres,
When you delyght to leaue the Lorde your stay,
You plunge strayghtways in payns of no releese,
where wrath is Judge, & nought but rage doth raig-ne,
Where pains are more thē mā cā wel sustaine:
Al this is rage and our vnruly mindes,
That blinds our eyes wyth mistes of darke mistake;
Our selfe conceipts that carries vs in wyndes
Of miscontempt, theyr cheefe & friendly make,
Wyl make vs deeme we dwel in safetie stil,
When pains are prest our present sport to spil.
Oh so we rage, when wel we cannot reach
The largest limites of our deepe desires,
Oh so we swel to see that Christ should teache
To aske by prayer the thyng our neede requires:
May we wyl run, and not respect our race,
And stil presist in this our cursed case.
And wyl we so: fy, fy, let vs repent,
Our louing Pere is prest to heare our prayers,
Come let vs runne, and from our rage relent:
And giue to God the guyde of our affayres.
Subiecting so our wookes vnto his wyl,
As we may stay and trust his mercies stil.
Let not our liues oppresse the needies lacke,

Nor

Nor fretting ſumes inflame our fancies ſo,
That helpleſſe ſoules may feele our rigors racke,
Becauſe we deeme wee may doo what we ſhowe.
And if that we haue paſt the needies thronge:
Yet beare our brother ſcarcely yet ſo ſtrong.
The Simpleſt ſoule tranſformed to a ſot,
The Lord in heauen a Sainct wyl ſurely make,
Although the baume of ſylthy lucres lot,
Diſdayned in earth to ſerue hym for his ſake.
Yea, yea, the Lorde wyl laughe it al to ſcorne:
And giue him heauen for to exalt his horne.

FINIS.

Domine quid Multipli, &c.

HOw multiplie my mones,
Alas how mourne my woes:
Oh Lorde my loue, my life,
And lacke, tis thou alone that knowes.
Thou knoweſt and wel canſt helpe,
Thou canſt my cares controlle,
Thou canſt releiue my luckles life,
And eaſe my ſilly ſoule.
And yet my great miſhap,
My miſery and mone,
Are growen Alas ſo great and huge,
That helpe they harboure none.
They meaſure by miſtruſte
The much that ſo they mourne:

And say alas hye pleasure flie,
I wolwe am cleane forlorne.
They drowne in deepe dispayre,
When dolors bid them doute,
And looke but to the present place
Where ruing beares a route.
The flesshe indeede is fraile,
and fancie but infyrme:
When as the fruitful soyle of fayth,
Doth want them to confirme.
But fayth my fortresse is,
And trust my stedfast stay,
And so my langors by beleife,
Shal runne theyr race away.
O Lorde then what is man,
Wythout thy grace and aide:
Euen deadly dust, a puffe of wynde,
With euery blast dismayde.
A worthy saying sure,
Of Dauid being king:
Saluation Descendes from God,
That doth al safetie bring.

Cum invocarem. Psal. 4

When I do cal, Oh hearken to my crye,
Oh hearken Lorde, my hope in thee I hold,
My sodayne sorrowes now doth force me trie
Thy onely aide, which feeling makes me bolde,

And

And comfortes care muſt more then may be tolde.
To run to thee where faineſt I would reſt,
To ſee thy face that doth delyght mee beſt.
Oh hardened hartes more harder then the flynt,
That ſtil contemne to here the needie call,
We deeme of ryght with god to haue our ſtint,
And yet beholde our brethren lye in bale.
If we can ſee our needy neyghboure fall,
And cannot loue our brother whome we ſee:
Can we loue God that ſene can neuer be:
And how can we wyth pure conſcience craue,
Or yet requeſt a helpe for to aſpire,
Whē god doth know the thing that we would haue,
Is aſkt wyth lippes, but not wyth deepe deſire.
Or if it be, ſuch is our cloked ire,
When others talke at vs we wyl not heare,
Then how ſhould god to our requeſt giue eare:
But now O Lord thy kindneſſe makes me know,
And eke thy lawes inſtruct my louing minde,
That thou reſpects no mans external ſhowe,
Thy choſen choyſe thou haſt thy ſelfe aſſignde,
And by thy ſelfe thy ſeruant thou wylt finde,
Reſeruing him as the aple of an eye,
To liue in bliſſe where comfortes cannot dye.
Then ceaſſe from ſinne ye ſeruants of the Lorde,
And offer prayſe a ſacrifice of peace:
Conſent I ſay, and yielde wyth free accord,
To ſing ſuch ſonges as ſeldome nere may ceaſſe,

To driue away the depth of sinnes disease,
That you may rest where riches bring release,
And so posses the effect of your beliefe.

Ceſt bon croyer.

Audaces fortuna iuuat.

TO make a mansion meete for miserie,
Where boldnes bids me build some better stay
To presse my daies with needlesse penurie,
Where hope remaines to finde some surer way,
Were wilfully to worke my deepe decay:
And yet in doubt by my dispairing will,
My weerie woes wil not my wishe fulfill.
Yet where the minde doth foster bolde desire,
To make attempts to trades that are vnsure,
And so thereby doth seeke for to aspire
Vnlikely thinges, in hope of some recure,
By fortunes fates, those things that aye must dure,
He gettes at length his long desired game,
And drownes his dread, to put his ioyes in frame.
But now alas how standes my staylesse state,
What mortall foe hath wrought me my mishap?
No foe but fortune, no offence but hate,
No woe, but want, doth me in dolors wrap.
Not want of wealth, so much as of desire,
When but in right, he would his helpe aspire.
What remedie alas may then release,
The weerie langors of my luckleſſe griefe:

What

What precious pleaſures now might wel appeaſe
My muſing mones, and lend my paines reliefe:
Of truth I deeme the Lord of heauen is chiefe,
Who ſuffers men to run in earth their race,
By traines of griefe, to gaine his heauenly grace.
And yet my theame ſaith, fortune helpes the bold:
I take this fortune, for his prouidence,
And ſo in deede his grace and mercies olde,
Doth raiſe the needie with preheminence:
Then fortune is to bolde men a defence.
But my diſtreſſe inducеth ſuch diſpaire,
My chiefeſt boldnes is but ſeruile feare.
My ſtraunge conceipts confoſideth ſo my muſe,
And dulles my wittes with much miſgouernment,
That now in deede I forced am to vſe
My pen, as painter of my detriment:
To eaſe thereby my dayly dreades miſſpent,
To geue the world a patterne of my paine,
That want of boldnes makes me ſtill ſuſtaine.
And if alas you could by proofe conceiue,
The ſundry griefes of an oppreſſed mynde,
Or yet hereby my deepe intent perceiue.
When ſeeking I would gladly haue you finde,
You thē perhaps might waigh my words no winde,
But as they are, and as your fancies ſerue,
So yeeld your iudgementes, but as they deſerue.
When many a muſe and yet no certaine minde,
Has learnd the way, to bring my wits in thrall,

I knowe not how, but I in me did finde
A ſtraunge remorſe, for that my grieuous bale,
Which forced me for eaſe of care to call
Unto the Lord, who heares the needie crie,
And ſuffers none in their diſtreſſe to die.
But now I ſtand (alas the worſe for mee)
As in a maze, and forced am to muſe,
The ſuddaine dulnes of my wittes to ſee:
Which toſte with troubles can no order vſe,
But doth the promptnes of my will abuſe:
When heretofore, it ſerude his owne requeſt,
Confounded now, it ſeekes in vaine a reſt.
In vaine: not ſo, I hope the Lord wil heare,
And at the length reuiue my liueles ſpirites,
But no maruaile, yet though I ſuch bale do beare,
Whē ſinckes of ſorow drowne my deepe delights,
And ſeruile feare giues place to fortunes ſpightes.
I boldnes want, to craue Dame fortunes grace,
By endleſſe ſorowes ſtealing on a pace.
And therfore thus I know I needes muſt ſtand,
Until the Lord vouchſafe to ſend releaſe:
Perſiſting ſtill in feare, Miſfortunes hand,
Till ſpringes of comfort may my mirth encreaſe.
Al muſt haue care, vnleſſe they ſeeke for eaſe,
For truth to tell, where lots do light by chaunce,
There fortune helpes the boldeſt to aduaunce.

Melius eſt ſperare quam aſpirare.

Verba

Verba mea auribus. Pſal. 5.

O Ponder Lorde my prayers,
marke well my muſing minde:
Send ſome redreſſe to my affaires,
let mourning mercy finde.
Oh waigh my weerie woes,
make conqueſt of my cares:
O let thy grace which euer growes,
extinguiſhe all my feares.
O heare not, but forgiue,
forgiue not but relieue:
O let thy ſilly ſeruaunt lyue,
his purpoſe to atchieue.
And ponder, ponder, Lorde,
the pith of all my paines:
Let mountes of mercy ſway thy ſworde,
and giue me wiſhed gaines.
I dare diſſemble nought,
thou woſt my weerie woes:
Yea thou wilt ſtroy the lyers thoughtes,
and forfee their enterprowes.
You filthy Hypocrites,
gainſt whom the Lord doth grudge,
Yea he will drowne your deepe delightes,
and ſtande your cruell iudge.
Your throtes throwe forth a ſmell,
as from a filthy graue:

And yet your outwarde tongues can tell,
a tale as one would haue,
And canst thou then conceiue
the Lorde will care for thee,
Or heare thy voyce, when to deceiue
thy conscience leaues it free:
No no: confounde them all,
and Lorde make no delay,
Nor heare their plaintes when they shall call,
but daunte them with dismay.
And reache thy riche relieue,
the righteous to relceue:
Let them forgoe their griping griefe,
and eke their bales berceue.
Oh Lorde doo them defend,
as with a sure shield:
And gene them faith vnto the end,
when trustlesse foes shall yeelde.

Vt quid Domine. Psal. 10.

MY miserie is reached to the skie,
My plaintes perforce haue pierced vnto hell;
Why then my God stand vp my cause to trie,
Looke downe belowe whereas my dolors dwell,
Vouchsafe to visite and my paines expell,
Thrust forth thy aide, to ease my ill appay,
Let lowly looke thy mounting mercies way.
Let heauenly hap subiect my dunghill dread,

That

That cares maye cloy,
And comfortes ioy,
Lo theſe are they that haue my fancie fed.
And am I thus twixt dread & comfort, drowned?
Why ſtandſt thou Lord, alas ſo far from mee?
Thine aide O Lord my faith hath firmely founde,
And lookes at length ſome ſweete reliefe to ſee,
This is thy worke, it may none others be.
Approche my *Pere*, adreſſe, then draw thou nye,
Behold my faith vnto the heauens doth flye.
A worke ſo wrought by vertue and by grace,
Thou canſt not chuſe,
But mercies vſe,
To ſaue the ſoule that runnes thereto apace.
Behold oh Lord, behold and looke thou backe,
My bruniſhe teares do repreſent the bale,
That brutiſhe men did force by loue his lacke,
When they with paines did all my ioy apale.
Oh faithleſſe men how great ſhalbe their fall,
They ſet vp ſinne and praiſe their owne pretence,
They walke amiſſe, yet muſe at others menſe.
The riche they raiſe, & preſſe the poore with ſpighte,
They ſhroude their ſinne,
Yet ſincke therein,
Accuſing men without deſert or righte.
Fie, how they faine, and ſeeme to ſoſter faith,
When rancor rules the ſterne of their eſtate,
When Malice mournes, & Spight it ſelfe decapeth,

Unlesse it may at wyl reuenge and hate,
Can loue lye hid in such a deepe debate?
Yea loue indeede to see theyr neyghboure lacke,
When large contempt is reched one the racke,
Which neyther plants can pul into remorse,
Nor faithful loue
Can wel remoue
The running streames of this their bloody forte.
And canst thou see Oh Lorde this sinful sect,
These malice mongers, and their myghtie traine,
Worke such contempt agaynst thyne owne elect,
Wyth fayned fruites thy fruitful soyle to stayne?
Thy longe delayes doth now thy chyldren paine,
Why standst thou then, oh Lorde, so far from me,
Approche betymes, let mee thy mercie see.
Unlode the languyshe of my werie limmes,
That I may prayse
Thy name alwayse,
In sounding Sonets and Ioyful hymnes.

Am. anisi soit il.

Domine quis in tabernaculo habitabit?

When deepe desire in thirsty desartes plast,
Had wandered long in many a wery way,
His ill successe did force his forme to wast
Or change his state, to trie some better stay.
So wanting drinke his drienesse to allay,
He made a riuer of his restlesse thought,

From

From whēce he drawes and drinks his owne diſtres,
The depth wherof when he had throughly ſought,
The ſcope was ſuch it werped his acceſſe,
Which made hym flye to heauen for his releaſe,
Wher he would know of god wher man might dwel
Within his houſe, for he alone could tel.
Within his houſe, for he alone could tel
What man ſhal make a Manſion for his reſt.
What heauenly hap myght raiſe him vp from hel,
That dwels in dole, and doth delyght deteſt,
That leades his life as ſorowes liked beſt.
Then who is he oh Lorde my lowely lyght,
That guides me to the gate wher grace doth grow:
Yea who is he that ſhal poſſeſſe thy ſighte,
Within thy houſe, thy noble name to know:
Whome thou haſt bleſt thy bleſſinges to beſtow,
To frame a forme to faſten there his loue,
Where neyther mones nor mournings can it moue.
Where nether mones nor mournings cā it moue
There is the place where I muſt preaſe to be,
And this is he as holy Scriptures proue,
That ſhal indeede theſe precious pleaſures ſee,
And in Gods houſe be placed by degree.
The man that driues his daies in ſuch delight,
As may embrace Gods bleſſings in the world,
And therewythal be preſt wyth al his might,
To hate ſuch thinges as Vertue forthe hath horde.
That ſpeakes the truth wher no diſtruſt may raign,

That

That forgeth not, but doth his dealinges plaine.
That forgeth not, but doth his dealinges plaine,
He is the man that harboures harde by God,
Such is his loue, that he doth dayly dayne,
To vse his children wyth his chyding rodde:
To saue the soules that here are vndertrodde.
The Lorde likewyse doth loue the louing wyght,
That hides no hate, wythin a hautie brest:
Nor yet in slaunder settes his sole delyght,
Wyth others blame to bring himselfe a rest.
No no, the Lorde doth all such men detest,
And saues a sorte al solely to himselfe,
That shal not passe to lose this worldly pelfe.
That shal not passe to lose this worldly pelfe,
Nor sticke to stakes of foule abused stayes,
Nor fancie Fortune that dispyghtful elfe:
But loue the Lyght that may enlarge theyr dayes,
And hate the heapes of high pretensed prayse,
That shal not search for substance in such wyse,
As losing it they lose theyr chiefe delyght,
Nor Joy so much when worldly riches rise,
To presse the poore wyth theyr deepe despighte,
Before theyle seeme to mitigate theyr might:
But wyl content themselues wyth Sufficit,
When others grope wyth flaming, welth to git.
When others grope wyth flaming, welth to git,
The Lordes elect delyghtes in faythful loue,
And though the worlde can seldome fancie fit,

Yet

Yet holde they faſt by hope whych may not moue,
In him that peelues his bleſſings from aboue.
Why then it ſeemes the ſenſeleſſe ſinful wight,
That ſetts his ſolace in vnſeemely ſhewes,
As Enuie, Malice, ſelfe conceipts, and Spyght,
Deceipt, Debate, Diſtruſt, and others moe:
Shal nay poſſes the place where pleaſures grow.
And though they flatter here their fleſh awhyle,
The Lorde at length wyl al their hope exile,
The Lord at length wyl al their hope exile,
And chooſe himſelfe, the ſoule that ſimeth leſt,
That makes accompte to liue here but a whyle,
Forſakes the world, and ſeekes himſelfe a reſt.
That ſeekes the Lorde, in earneſt, not in ieſt,
In heauen aboue, where hap and heauenly heapes,
Of al Hartes eaſe, and high Felicitie,
The Sainctes of God a: wyl in pleaſure reapes,
Contemning Cauſe of great Calamitie,
Diſtruſting neuer anie miſery.
And theſe are they that ſhal alone remayne
Within the Tabernacle of the Lord:
Vouchſafe, My God, to make me of the traine,
That there ſhal laude thy name wt ſweete accord.

Viuit poſt funera virtus.

The Author his *De profundis.*

OVt of the deepe where dolors dayly dwel,
I ſend my ſighes, to welcome ſorrowes in,

Oh gracious God, forgiue my greeuous sinne,
To thee alone alas I crie and yell,
And eke the truth of my misfortunes tell:
I mourne and muse, and still mistake the marke
Wher eat I aime, to ease my dread with death:
I chose a change to end my bitter breath,
To light the lampe that makes my dolors darke,
The flames wherof may breede some liuely sparke.
Oh wilful world that thou hadst walkt thy will,
Hast hast my Lorde,
With sweete accorde
To strike the stroke, that may destroy mine ill.
What priuie paines alas doth pierce my hart?
Ay me, I drowne in dungeon of dispaire,
No meane relieue may well my ruthe repaire.
Come dole, come death, assay thy dreadful dart,
Come sweete redresse, ease my encreasing smart.
The deepe deceiptes that lurkes in trimmed tales,
The false suspect that fries in fretting fumes,
With painful panges Sance pitie now presumes,
To raise the ruthe that al my ioy appales,
And eke the fort of all my fortune scales.
Oh truthlesse tongues, & hartes ful heapt with hate,
Allwage your wraches,
Explane the pathes,
That makes me stumble, and subuertes my state.
Oh harmeleſſe hart, alas and welaway,
That such dis[illegible] without desart must dure:

O harde miſhap to put ſuch paine in vre,
To drowne me ſtill in deepth of my decay,
My wrong repulſe loe here I will bewray.
Which though the thruſtes do ſo enthral my thought,
That ſcarce I can diſplaie them by deſart,
Yet Deepe diſpaire, doth force me play his part,
That long ere this my wretched ruine ſought,
And eke the vice of my diſpleaſure bought.
Adue deſire, and thou cowarde feare,
My deepe diſtreſſe,
Giues me acceſſe,
To make report what foule reproche I beare.
When ſhe that guides the roling wheele of chāce,
Had locke hir lyſe in lothſome idleneſſe,
By fond foreſight ſhe wrought my deepe diſtreſſe,
And gainſt hir wil ſhe gan my ſelfe aduance,
Till at the length hir gleaming eyes did glance,
And ſpide me ſpoyt before my date was preſt,
With ſtinging fumes alas ſhe let me fall,
And cauſeleſſe caſt me midſt the brunte of bale,
And now diſpoiles me of deſerued reſt,
Which breedes ſo bitter in my bruſed breſt,
That whē betimes my weakened ſtomacke cloyes,
My beaute hart
May yeeld his part,
To iuſt lehoue, where it ſhal reſt in ioyes.
Then, then, wil ceaſe the ſecret ſobbing ſighes,
That heapes my hart with high vnhoſomeneſſe,

And

And crammes my carkaſſe ſtil with carefulneſſe,
Proceeding from the pit of deathes deuiſe,
From whence the rigor of my ruth doth riſe.
Thē ſhal the ſpightes that ſeeke my deepe diſpatch,
Be flong in furnace of forgetfulneſſe,
So ſhall the web be worne of wilfulneſſe,
When broodes of bliſſe begins with hope to hatch,
And wiſhed welth ſhal for his welcome watch,
To yeeld him praiſe that hearts the needie crie,
And gyues his grace,
In euery place,
To ſuch as ſtand his truſtie ſtay to trie.
O death, good death deferre no longer date,
To haſt the happe whereon my hope doth holde,
For which I wiſhe much more then may be tolde.
Oh ſtrop the ſtaffe whereon dependes my ſtate,
And linger not, leſt hap may come to late.
In thee in thee, I plant my onely eaſe,
I wiſhe thy preſence more then preſent life:
For that thou ſtaieſt the ſtormie blaſtes of ſtrife;
And doſt the panges of al my paine appeaſe,
And makes the clottes of cruell care to ceaſe.
I therefore ſtay to reckon vp my wrong,
And truſt to thee,
To let me ſee
The deeye amendes, that may my mirth prolong.

Finis.

Reſpice

Reſpice finem.

MAns pleaſures paſſe, reſpect them not,
His glory gliſters but a tyme,
His famous fare is ſoone forgot,
His higheſt hap breedes curſed crime:
But this to thee doth chiefely tend,
But what thou doſt reſpect thy ende.
To graft thy glory in the gloſe,
Of gorgeous geere and braue araie:
Were ſure to plant a vaine ſuppoſe,
On that which weares betymes away.
The ſureſt ſhroude that may thee ſhend,
Is, what thou doſt reſpect thy end.
Attempt no trade that tickle is,
Or that which ſtandes aboue thy ſtrength,
For ſure, the path to perfect bliſſe,
Hath not the ſquare for ſuch a length.
But when thou wouldſt thy ſelfe defend,
In what thou doſt reſpect the end.
For when that doubtes and deepe delayes,
Can not aſcertaine thy pretence:
Preſume not much nor let aſſayes,
To that thou canſt not well conuince,
From hence all hap doth ſtill deſcend,
In what thou doſt reſpect the end.
Or if the thing thou maiſt attaine,
For preſent tyme hath pleaſant taſt,

Returne

Returne betimes to this againe,
To see if like it be to last,
And trust no stayes that eales bend,
But what thou dost respect thy ende.

Ne immemor sis mortis.
n'oublie pas mort.
Finis. quod. G. C.

Other verses which for that they are something more frinolous then the others going before, I haue here placed a distinction betwixt them.

Reading a rime in dispight of *Fancie*, he wrote these verses of hir, by his indifferent iudgement.

TO wite of fancie by no friende to hir,
I can not muse although she beare the blame,
Nor iudge the worse by any iote of hir:
Since thinges *Sans faute* through spite doo suffer
And therfore this indifferenely I say, (shame,
As one contemning parcialitie,
Hir meane effectes as they deserue I waye,
In Modest mindes that search no Sensualitie.
For first by hir eche man possesseth peace:
And wanting hir, no woe to such a waste,
Where cold suspect engenders hir disease,

Eche

Eche Maſſe of much is meaſurde too too ſcant,
All runnes on head whereas hir hand holdes backe,
And breedes a torment to a trufteleſſe minde,
Where Fancie failes eche mã may feele hir lacke,
And feele himſelf in wiſdome ſtaring blinde.
Where Fãcie failes, there Reaſon needes muſt fal,
For Reaſon is the rule that ſquares hir forth,
And where miſtruſt doth breede dame Fancies bale
There wiſedome weaues a web but little worth,
If Fancie cannot foſter hir deſire,
What man can liue in any quiet caſe,
Nor yet the depth of any deede aſpire,
Where liking wanters, his want for to embrace.
Then this I write my cenſure of this ſute,
Not moued by poſſeſſing hir at will,
Though wiſedome wotes, in me where to impute
The praiſe, and blame of this ſo good an ill.
But meanes I want to meaſure hir by meane,
And therefore lacke the piller of my ſtaye:
And yet God wote, I ſpight affection cleane,
That leades a man, *ſans reaſon* from his way.
And thus I write yet once againe my minde,
That Fancies Fort, and reaſons ſtanding Rocke,
Once ioynde in one, can ſeldome barrie finde,
But during ſtand though feares begin to flocke:
They are the gifres that guide by God his grace,
Eche wofull wight vnto his wiſhed port,
Then ſpight not Fancie but hir wayes embrace.

If wiſedomes worke may to your will reſort,
Elſe if you fal, the fault is in your ſelfe,
And not in hir that would your wiſhed welth.
Then loue hir more then any worldly pelfe,
I hope that Fancie, wil bring Reaſon helth.

Finis. quod. G. C.

Talking with a young Gentlewoman but playnely attyred, ſhee proteſting it to bee more then myght well accorde with his braverie as ſhee ſayde, modeſtly moued him to get him ſome gallanter gueſt more meete for his mynde: whereuppon he replyed, affirming the forme of his lyking, with his aduiſe giuen hir, to proſecute, preſcribed as followeth.

YOur geſſe hath glanſt by mee,
yet hittes it ſome arighte,
Becauſe the proude doth preſſe the poore,
with Scorne, contempt, and ſpight.
Yet thoſe that bragge ſo braue,
bedect in quainte aray,
May quickely breede a *Beſoigner*,
to bring their pride decay.
And thoſe that lookes ſo hygh
on heapes of worldly happe.

That would aſpire *Pernaſſus* hill,
and reache heauen at a clappe:
Like ſillie *Icarus*,
in depth of deepeſt Seas,
They drowne their daies, and ſpilles the ſport
that doth preſumption pleaſe.
Then ſince I ſeeme to ſee
the ſmcke of this diſtreſſe,
Thinke thus: he wil contemne theſe prancke;
and ſeeke him ſelfe releaſe.
And not ſubiect his ſenſe
to no ſuch ſubtill ſnares,
That tyeth truth by truſtleſſe traines
to taſte diſtreſſe vnwares.
To loue the loftie lookes,
that harbour deepe diſdayne,
That bring for euery ſmacke of mirth
a pange of deadly paine,
That though their part be leaſt,
their pride doth paſſe the reſt,
That tread on thornes, yle nice conceiptes,
none good amongſt the beſt.
But thus perſwade thy ſelfe,
Deere dame, thus daine of me,
I loue the lowe abaſed lookes,
that when they liſt may glee,
That decke their mindes within,
lyke maydes of modeſtie:

And yet no sheepe, as sheepeheardes faine,
but sharpe of sense and wittie,
That passe not for the pompe
of worldly wicked showes,
But measures brauerie by a meane,
when pride getes ouerthrowes.
I therefore needes must loue
the plainnesse voyde of pride,
For plainnesse is the beaten pathe,
that needes no earthly guide.
Though some disdaine thereat
that dwell in high desire,
Yet plainnesse is the precious sute
that doth my selfe attire.
In lothie lookes there lurkes
huge lumpes of lothsome woe,
They prancke as long as purse extendes,
and then on hunting goe.
There lyes much fayned loue
where fancie would be fed,
As long as newe deuises last,
no longer theile be led.
Then pace the plainest pathes
of truth, it passeth pride,
It winneth euery worthy minde,
and during will abyde.
And when you minde to choose
a make to matche your selfe,

Reſpect no outward painted ſhowes,
nor paſſe not much for pelfe.
It breedes no perfect loue,
it weares betymes away,
When luſt with lucre hath ben led,
no longer loue then paye.
You ſee then nowe my ſute,
my minde agrees with your:
My plaine aduiſe in plaine attire
ſans fraude is vttered now.
And ſince your modeſt mynde
hath purchaſde me your pray,
Co.ne take your choiſe, one like your ſelfe,
in euery wiſhed way. Finis.

His Conge, or farewell.

My friendly mates farewel, *mon Conge* now is made,
Adue in deed I now muſt march to trie ſome other t
Adue my deepe delightes that wants their due deſert,
Adue al hope to harbor here, wher nature tooke his part.
Adue that painted place, wherein my picture ſtandes,
A ſhadow now in ſight it ſeemes, & portraide on the ſant
Adue deſertles dread that colde ſuſpect did cauſe,
I fly & fancie not the place where danger beares a clauſi
Adue external types of too vntruſty loue,
Adue infernal flowing fates that floriſh there & moue.
Adue thou ſtrangie ghoſt that fretteſt thy ſelfe wyth fear
Adue, for it diſſẽbles death, ſome deeme that ſee thee th

Adue the place of paine where pleasures can not thriue,
Adue the Port of preiudice where boates of bale ariue.
These fates I here haue founde, alas the worse my lot;
But why should griefe gainst glories grace the face of forte
Oh why should deepe despight depresse deserued ioy, (bli
And why should heapes of high attempts, engēder such ano
Alas good lucke is lost, true hope & hap is gone,
And canker wormes of cruell care, hath wrought my greeuo
I weepe & alwayes waile, for my vnworthy wayes, (mor
And yet I stay vpon the staffe that keepes me from decaies.
That wil my dread defend though here I dwel in dole,
Although my body bides in bale, yet blisse shal saue my soule
For whē that Christ describde the deepe directed way,
That leades a lane to lasting life impossible to stray:
He sayes the way is straight, and narrow is the gate,
And we must strine to enter in, least we may come too late.
The straightnes of the way is compted stormie windes,
which rough affictiōs puffeth forth to try our stedfast mind
Which yet are tokens true that we from Christ discend,
whē we approch vnto the paines that wrought our happie c
Christ bare the Crosse of care and euery other crime,
And told his chosen they must dure the like a certaine time.
Then why should I dispaire to dure such a date,
When such a slender wisp of woe, bringes such a happie st
And welcome wished woe the worker of my welth,
The hauen of hap, the port of peace, the Ancor of my helth.
But thus you may descerne the platforme of my paine,
That I in body not in soule doo dayly here sustaine.

The crummes of cankred hate doth feede me more and more
Yea I am stored with such stuffe, yet finde I store a sore.
My deepe delight is dread, my patience is my paine, (staine
My sodaine solace breedes my sower, my weith doth want su
My running breedes my rest, & rest doth bring me ruth,
My state is strange, my passions passe, & yet I tell but truth.
But now my louing mates, me thinkes I see you mone
Your painful poore distressed friend, lamenting all alone.
Me thinkes I see you muse, and marualle what might make
The cruell lottes of destinie such deepe disdaine to take,
To plung in such dispaire the prime of my delightes,
where euery grief a glory yeldes, if reason shewes his righte
But reason beares no rule twixt either woe or weale,
And therfore now w your assents this farewel you must seale
Then vse it at your wils to saue or throwe away, (c
Yet thinke on me your thirstie friend that drinkes his owne
And since we now must part, impart your humble prayers,
That god may graūt a good successe to end my deepe affaire
Extend your great goodwil to ease my prested paines,
That cause may force remēbrance to measure you w gayne
In token of your troth this truthe triall vse, (t
To let your voice expresse the plaints, that now my paines
And sing this scribled song, this rude & ragged rime, (ti
That whē your works oppres your wils you thus may end
And thinke on me a thrall that throbbed forth these thoughts
By oft repeating my complaints in this a worke of nought

Finis. quod. G. C.

Dan

Damon and Pithias.

O Fortune fye one thee,
Thou cloyest me stil wyth care,
Thy deepe dispight hath forced mee,
Thy prayses to impaire,
And framed mee thy foe,
That erst had ben thy friend.
Sith chance hath changd thy frendship so,
My suite is prest to ende.
Where Fancie heretofore,
Did yield her selfe thy thrall,
Yet now deliers thy fained lore,
Thyne ayde, thyne ease and al.
And now assayles hir foe,
In combat of contempte,
Oh would to God the ouerthrow
Wyght Fortunes freindes exempte.
The Ladie of my life,
That stayes the string of strength,
Wyl burst the bandes of bitter strife,
And yelde me free at length.
Then wyl I curse the crue,
Of thy so cruel fates:
And seeke a change, that may eschue
The peril of my states.
Preferre your deepest paines,
To paint your endlesse praise:
By getting me the wished gaynes

That

That may prolong my dayes.
So ſhal my ſoule be free
From this my deepe diſeaſe,
The paines that thus empaired me,
Shal with my fuming ceaſe.
And I ſhal render vp
The remnant of my dayes,
And trie the taſt of comfortes cup,
To woorke my wyſhed wayes.
Alas that leiſure wrought
Such huge miſhap on me,
Alas that yll ſucceſſe had bought,
The guide of my degree.
And chiefe alas my lucke,
That ledde my leiſure ſo,
In ſorrowes ſource my woe to ſucke,
And let Dame Pleaſure goe.
Ah Fortune canſt thou frowne
And ſee me ſinke in woe,
Can pittie, prayſe, or yet renowne,
Make merries merites grow:
Nay yielding to thy wyl,
Wy anguiſh ought allay?
Then ſpare not wyth deſpyght to ſpill
Wy corps thy preſent pray.
When hope would haue his hyre,
Then hap wythholdes his ayde:
When deepe deſert would claime deſire,

Then

Then time his foote hath taide.
So tyme by deepe diſtreſſe,
Defers ſo long a date,
That layth can finde no free acceſſe,
Where Fortune beares no ſtate.
So I wyth woe do wayle,
Miſfortune makes me faint,
And laythles friendes doth force me layle,
By rigors deepe reſtraynt.
I drowne in deepe diſmay,
I plunge in endles payne:
I wyn diſpleaſure for repaie,
Where freindſhip ſhould remayne.
Thus like a wretch I raigne,
And drowne my daies in dreade:
Thus ruing ſeekes for reſt in vaine,
Where lucre would be lead.
And truth is forſte to trie,
Where true intent is torne:
So faith can neuer reape deſire,
Where godly wayes are worne.
What then muſt be the ſtay,
Whereto my ſtate muſt truſt,
What meanes were meeteſt to bewray,
My deepe deſire and luſt?
My ſtay ſhalbe the ſtrength
Of God my truſtie guyde,
Which wyl relieue miſhap at length,

Wyth

With bliſſe that ſhal abide.
To him I then appeale,
As one I fancie beſt,
Loe here my frieinds the certaine ſcale,
That byinges aſſured reſt.
Then now wyth one aſſent,
Appoſe your helping handes,
In token of your true intent,
Whyles earth or heauen ſtands.
So ſhal we meete agayne,
To raigne in perfect ioy:
Where we in reſt ſhal myrth attayne,
To daunt our deepe annoye,
Where loue ſhal euer laſt,
And liking ſhalbe free,
And true deſire with pleaſures taſt,
Shal then imparted be.

FINIS quod G. C.

Nemo Ante obitum beatus.
Amicorum in fide vnio.

A prayer for the morning.

I humbly yielde thee high and hartie praiſe,
My heauenly father, for the happie reſt,
That I this night, and others ere alwayſe,
Haue felt by thee which can releiue me beſt,
And ſo direct, Oh Lorde, my dayly deedes,
To way the truſte of worldly toyes as weedes.

So

So frame in me the fountaines of thy feare,
As cleane may drowne desire of earthly fame,
And make the praise of thy deserters appeare:
In all my deedes that will can put in frame,
That I may neuer worke a wilful crime,
To staine the blood that Christ hath shed for mine.
But graũt good Lord, euẽ for thy Christ his sake,
The heauenly brightnes of thy blessed truth:
That as the day from sleepe doth me awake,
Euen so that light may leade my minde from ruth.
And as the day doth force the darkenes fade,
So may thy word, enlight my sinfull shade.
That no secure or sleepie sinfull mule,
May harbour darkenes when the light is spred,
Nor wilfull will thy blessed word abuse,
When worldly blindnes is by darkenes led.
But lyghten so the length of this my race,
To leade desire vnto thy heauenly place.
And as oh Lord I now haue past the night.
In quiet rest, from feare of worldly harmes,
So graunt good God, that no distresse affright
My minde this daye, where nought but dolor swar-
But stil to beare the burthen of my woe, (mes,
With patient minde, til welth in place may growe.
Oh giue me grace, euen for thy goodnes sake,
To spend this day, to purchase thy good will,
So that no worke my wil in hand may take,
That may displease or vexe thy goodnes stil,

But

But that thy grace may guide my footeſteppes ſo,
To treade the pathes, wherein thy pleaſures growe.
I know oh Lord, I can not well deſerue,
Not once to looke vnto thy heauenly ſeate,
For why thou knoweſt, my doings alwayes ſwarue
From thy deſire, but yet I muſt intreate
Thy noble name, not to reſpect my ſinne,
But Chriſtes death, that tooke the ſinne on him.
In him O Lord, in him I hope for health,
And for his ſake I ſeeke of griefe releaſe,
Yea al the graces, that may bring me wealth,
By his deare death I looke for to poſſeſſe.
Then for the merites of his onely meede,
Heare lord the praiers, that al my pleaſures breede.

FINIS.

A prayer for the Euening.

OUr nature Lorde ſo ſubiect is
to euery worldly neede,
So fraile and firmeleſſe is the ground
wherein it ſowes the ſeede:
That if thy mercies fruitefull ſoyle,
did not ſupport our ſtate,
Our weerie weakeneſſe is ſo great,
that ſtraight would ſteale his date.
And therefore alwayes haſt thou ſent
the darke and ſilent night,

To eaſe our deepe oppreſſed mindes,
to make our darkeneſſe light,
To bring our labours longed reſt,
and to refreſhe our mindes,
To make vs wander at thy workes,
that ſuch an order findes.
And all to further our aſſayres,
reformed by thy lawes,
To laude and praiſe thy heauenly name,
that ſendes ſo iuſt a cauſe.
O Lorde then for thy mercies ſake,
bowe downe thy liſtning eare,
To heare our carefull cries and plaintes,
and eke our faultes forbeare.
Oh turne away thy fearefull face
from all our faithleſſe crimes,
That we this day and all our lyues,
haue made ten thouſand tymes.
And as the preſent darkened nyght,
doth couer lyghtſome day:
So let thy mercyes hide miſdeedes,
and chaſe our ſinnes away.
And though our ſinfull bodyes ſleepe,
yet let our ſoules be wake,
To ſee the day of finall Doome,
for Chriſt our ſauiours ſake.
Againſt the which good Lorde addreſſe
thy deepe deſired grace,

To ſerue our lampes in ſteede of oyle,
To lyght vs to thy place,
Where neyther plague nor earthly payne
Shal put into diſpayre
Our endleſſe ioyes, but laſting bliſſe
Shal ſtyl our mirth repayre.
Where we ſhal neede no earthly ſleepe,
But liue and neuer lacke,
Where mirth and pleaſure ſtil abounds,
Where ſorrowes ſuffer wracke.
So wyth deſired place Oh Lord,
As to thy mariage feaſt,
Graunt me arceſſe with garment glad,
To be thy heauenly geaſt.

FINIS. quod. G. C.

¶ *Imprinted at London nygh*
vnto the three cranes in the Vintree,
by Thomas Gardiner and
Thomas Dawſon.